

*K. B. B. B.
Hymnals*

11 Ra.

SELECT

1018. R. 22

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

Letting
for
Public Worship
FOR

Public Worship.

~~~~~

“ Let the Word of Christ dwell in you  
richly in all Wisdom, teaching and admonish-  
ing one another in Psalms, and Hymns, and  
spiritual Songs, singing with Grace in your  
Hearts to the Lord.”

*Coloss. iii, 16.*

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CHESTERFIELD;

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1799.

SELECT

PSALMS AND HYMNS

FOR

Public Worship

As used in the Church of England

and in the Church of Scotland

in the year 1662

and in the year 1688

and in the year 1709

and in the year 1750

and in the year 1789

and in the year 1800

and in the year 1817

and in the year 1838

and in the year 1862

and in the year 1889

and in the year 1900

and in the year 1917

and in the year 1929

and in the year 1938

and in the year 1947

and in the year 1950

and in the year 1959

and in the year 1960

PSALMS.

P S A L M I.

THE man is blest, who hath not bent
To bad advice his ear;
Nor trod the sinner's path, nor sat
The scorner's jest to hear:

But night and day the law of God
Makes his delightful theme:
He shall be like the tree that grows
Near some refreshing stream.

Whose boughs a plenteous load of fruit
In timely season bear:
So flourishing shall be his state,
His leaf no blight shall fear.

While driv'n, like dust before the wind,
The race of sinners fly,
Nor with the just in judgment stand,
But droop, despair, and die.

P S A L M II.

WHY fiercely rage the nations round?
Why form they counsels vain?
Against Jehovah kings arise,
And Christ forbid to reign:

B

"Come

"Come let us break their chains," say they,
 "And make their fetters fly;"

But scorn attends their vain attempt,
 Jehovah rules on high.

Then shall they hear his awful voice,
 And just resentment feel:

"Ye rebels cease—My King shall reign
 "On Sion's sacred hill."

"The Lord's decree I thus proclaim,
 "To me his word was known;—

"Thou art my Son, to thee this day
 "A Father's love is shewn."

"At thy request shall nations great
 "To thee their homage pay,

"And earth's remotest climes submit
 "To thy imperial sway."

P S A L M V.

LORD! hear the voice of my complaint,
 To my address attend:

My King! my God! accept my pray'r,
 My pray'rs to thee ascend.

Thou when the morning sheds its beams,
 Shalt hear my fervent cry;

To thee the dawn I'll dedicate,
 And lift my hands on high.

With thy unbounded mercy blest,
 I'll in thy courts appear,

And bow before thy sacred throne
 With pious, filial fear.

For

For thou O Lord! upon the just
 Wilt choicest gifts bestow;
 And with thy favour, like a shield,
 Protect him from his foe.

P S A L M VIII.

O LORD! to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Thro' all the world how great thou art!
 How glorious is thy name! How glorious &c.

When I, the heav'ns, thy beauteous work,
 With wond'ring eye survey,
 The lucid moon, the starry train,
 Which wisdom's hand display. Which wisdom's &c.

Lord! what is man, that he is blest
 With thy peculiar care?
 Why on his offspring is conferr'd
 Of love so large a share? Of love, &c.

To him thou gav'st a rank sublime,
 Near angels, sons of light;
 Him thy beneficence endow'd
 With honour, glory, might. With honour,
 &c.

O Lord! to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Thro' all the world how great thou art!
 How glorious is thy name! How glorious &c.

P S A L M IX.

TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord!
 I will my heart prepare,
 To all the list'ning world around
 Thy wond'rous works declare.

The thought of them shall to my soul
 Exalted pleasure bring;
 Whilst to thy name, O Thou most High!
 Triumphant praise I sing.

All those who have his goodness prov'd,
 Will in his truth confide;
 Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
 Who on his help rely'd.

Sing praises therefore to the Lord,
 From Sion his abode;
 Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
 Confess no other God.

P S A L M XV.

LORD! whom wilt thou admit to dwell
 Thy hallow'd courts among?
 Ev'n he, who thinks the simple truth,
 And speaks it with his tongue;

Who no malicious slander spreads,
 His neighbour to debase;
 Who honours them that fear the Lord,
 But shuns the wicked race;

Whose word, as faithful as his oath,
 The world may safely trust;
 Ev'n to his loss, the promise giv'n
 He keeps, severely just;

Who

Who deals not in unlawful gain ;
Whose hands from bribes are pure ;
Who scorns the innocent to harm ;
That man shall stand secure.

P S A L M XVI.

TO God I'll give eternal praise
Whose wisdom yields me light,
Whose secret counsel guides my steps
Amidst the gloom of night.
In every scene of life I keep
Jehovah still in view :
His watchful eye my path secures,
And ills in vain pursue.
This swells my heart with grateful joy,
My tongue exults in praise ;
In peace I'll take my last repose,
And hope shall close my days.
For in the silent realm of death
My soul thou wilt not leave,
Nor let corruption seize thy son
Within the gloomy grave.
To me the path of endless life
Thy mercy will display ;
Thy presence boundless bliss attends,
And joys which ne'er decay.

P S A L M XIX.

THE heav'ns Jehovah's pow'r display,
The skies his deeds proclaim ;
Day tells the glorious truth to day,
And night to night the same.

In ev'ry nation, ev'ry clime
 Their awful voice is known,
 Ev'n lands in earth's remotest bounds
 Their solemn tidings own.

All perfect is the law of God,
 And inward strength supplies;
 His word, unerring truth displays,
 And makes the simple wise.

The statutes of the Lord are just,
 And cheer the drooping heart;
 His laws are pure from ev'ry stain,
 And light and life impart.

By them, thy servant is forewarn'd
 The snares of vice to shun;
 And by their dictates well observ'd,
 A prize divine is won.

P S A L M XXIII.

MY faithful shepherd is the Lord,
 My wants are all supply'd:
 In fertile meads he gives me rest,
 Where peaceful waters glide.

He kindly cheers my fainting soul,
 Recalls me when I roam,
 In righteous paths directs my steps,
 And gently guides me home.

Tho' thro' death's gloomy vale I pass,
 My heart shall dread no ill:
 For thou art there—thy rod and staff
 My soul with comfort fill.

Ev'n

Ev'n in the fight of ev'ry foe,
 My table thou shalt spread,
 Thy bounty make my cup run o'er,
 Thy oil anoint my head.

Thro' ev'ry scene shall mercy smile,
 And goodness me pursue;
 And in Jehovah's house will I
 Each day his praise renew.

P S A L M XXIV.

ERECT your heads, eternal gates!
 Unfold to entertain
 The King of Glory: see he comes,
 With his celestial train.

Who is the King of Glory? Who?
 'The Lord for strength renown'd:
 In battle mighty, o'er his foes
 Eternal victor crown'd.

Erect your heads, ye gates unfold
 In state to entertain
 The King of Glory: see! he comes,
 With all his shining train.

Who is the King of Glory? Who?
 The Lord of Hosts renown'd;
 Of Glory he alone is King,
 Who is with glory crown'd.

P S A L M XXV.

THY mercies and thy love
 O Lord! recall to mind;
 And graciously continue still,
 As thou wert ever kind.

Let

Let all my youthful sins
 Be blotted out by thee,
 And for thy boundless pity's sake,
 In mercy think on me.

His mercy and his truth
 The righteous Lord displays,
 In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
 And teaching them his ways.

He those in justice guides
 Who his direction seek;
 And in his sacred paths shall lead
 The humble and the meek.

Thro' all the ways of God
 Both truth and mercy shine,
 To such as with religious hearts.
 To his blest will incline.

PSALM XXXIV.

THRO' all the changing scenes of life
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast
 Till all that are distress'd,
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt his name;
 When in distress to him I call'd,
 He to my succour came.

O make

O make but trial of his love,
 Experience will decide
 How blest they are, and only they
 Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear;
 Make you his service your delight,
 He'll make your wants his care.

P S A L M XXXVI.

HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God!
 Thy goodness in full glory shines;
 Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud
 That veils and darkness thy designs.

O God! how excellent thy grace,
 Whence all our hope and comfort springs,
 The sons of men in their distress,
 Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

From the provisions of thy house,
 We shall be fed with full repast;
 There mercy like a river flows,
 And brings salvation to our taste.

Life, like a fountain rich and free,
 Springs from the presence of the Lord:
 And in his light our souls shall see
 The glories promis'd in his word.

P S A L M XXXVII.

FRET not thyself if sinners rise
 To worldly wealth and worldly sway,
 For, like the grals that quickly dies,
 Or herbage green, they pass away.

Still

Still let thy heart in God confide,
 With zeal pursue his will divine;
 So in thy land shalt thou reside,
 Its peace and plenty shall be thine.

If by his laws thou lov'st to live,
 Thy heart shalt gain its best desires,
 And from his gracious hand receive
 All reason's warmest wish requires.

Thy soul sincere, thy blameless name
 Shall find acceptance in his sight.
 And he shall make thy honest fame
 Shine clearly as the noon-day light.

PSALM XLI.

BLEST is the man who yields his store
 With kind compassion to the poor;
 In time of danger and of dread
 The Lord himself will bring him aid.
 With length of days shall he be crown'd,
 For he a friend in heav'n has found.

Nor will that heav'nly friend forego
 His help, or yield him to his foe:
 If age brings on disease and pain,
 He will not at his doom complain;
 And ev'n if death approaches near,
 Will meet his fate without a fear.

For God with hope shall raise his head,
 Shall smooth with faith his dying bed;
 His deeds of charity shall find
 Acceptance in his Maker's mind,
 Who soon shall make his anguish cease,
 And bid his soul depart in peace.

PSALM

PSALM LI:

O LORD! consider my distress,
And in thy mercy's boundless store
Of love and pitying tenderness,
My guilty soul to grace restore.

O purify that soul again,
Wash me, my God, and make me clean;
For grief and deep remorse constrain
My heart to own and hate it's sin.

That I have wrong'd thee, gracious God,
I freely to the world declare;
Therefore, if sentenc'd to thy rod,
That sentence leaves thy justice clear.

Conceiv'd in sin, to sorrow born,
Only thy free assisting grace
With virtue can my life adorn,
My faults redress, my sins efface.

PSALM LXVII.

WITH mercy, gracious Lord!
The sons of men behold;
The heav'nly brightness of thy face
To all on earth unfold.

Thy holy will make known,
Thy saving health reveal;
That all the world, thy statutes shewn,
Their song of praise may swell.

For when thy just command,
And gentle sway they feel,
Then ev'ry tongue in ev'ry land,
"The song of praise shall swell."

Then

Then earth of faith and love
 Shall bring her full increase,
 While thou shalt bless us from above,
 With thine eternal peace.

PSALM LXXXIV.

O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord!
 How pleasant and how fair,
 The sacred dwellings of thy love,
 Thy earthly temples are!
 Thrice blest are they, who in thy house
 Their happy days prolong:
 Thy truth and mercies there display,
 And raise the heav'n taught song.
 Blest, who, their hopes on thee reclin'd,
 Thy hallow'd courts explore;
 Whose steps, directed in thy ways,
 Pursue them more and more.
 Thus they advance from strength to strength,
 'Thro' this dark vale of tears;
 Till each in brighter courts above
 Before his God appears.

PSALM XC.

O LORD! our sure, our constant aid,
 Our souls supreme abode;
 Who ere the heavens and earth were made,
 Art one eternal God.
 In death thou bid'st our bodies lie,
 To life recal'st again,
 When mercy's voice proclaims on high
 "Return ye sons of men."

Thousands

Thousands of years, Almighty Power!
 Are moments in thy fight;
 Day passes day, as flits the hour
 That marks the watch of night.
 Teach then our souls, life's little space
 With wisdom's eye to see,
 And waft them on the wings of grace
 To Glory and to Thee.

P S A L M XCII.

SWEET is the work, my God! my King!
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
 To shew thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
 O may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound!

My soul shall triumph in the Lord,
 And bless his works, and bless his word;
 His works of grace how bright they shine!
 How deep his counsels! how divine!

Soon may I see and hear and know
 All I desir'd or wish'd below;
 And all my pow'rs find sweet employ
 In the eternal world of joy.

P S A L M XCV.

O COME, and to th' eternal King
 New songs of triumph let us sing;
 With holy transport Him alone
 The strength of our salvation own.

Extended wide beyond all bound,
 Above all height, his pow'r is found;
 Nor lords with him, nor gods beside,
 The honours of his throne divide.

O come, and to his name divine
 In lowliest homage let us join;
 His sov'reign might with zeal avow,
 And rev'rent at his footstool bow.

In him our God, our Father see;
 The people of his pasture we;
 The flock that guided by his care,
 The blessings of his bounty share.

P S A L M C.

YE people all, on earth that dwell,
 Sing to the Lord with chearful voice:
 Serve him with fear, his mercies tell,
 Come ye before him and rejoice.

For know, the Lord is God alone:
 Know, that from him we all proceed;
 He made, he claims us for his own,
 The sheep that in his pasture feed.

O enter then his gates with praise,
 Approach his courts with holy joy;
 Your hearts with warm devotion raise,
 Your tongues let grateful hymns employ.

For God is gracious, just, and good:
 His mercy is for ever sure;
 His truth at all times firm has stood,
 And shall from age to age endure:

PSALM

P S A L M CIII.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless his name,
 Whose favours are divine.

O bless the Lord, my soul!
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.

'Tis He forgives thy sins;
 'Tis He relieves thy pain;
 'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
 And gives thee health again.

He crowns thy life with love,
 When rescu'd from the grave;
 He that redeem'd thy soul from death,
 Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.

His wond'rous works and ways
 He made by Moses known;
 But sent the world his grace and truth
 By his beloved Son.

P S A L M CIV.

BLESS God, O my soul, rejoice in his name,
 O Lord! let my voice thy greatness pro-
 claim;

Surpassing in honour, dominion and might,
 Thy footstool the sky, thy garment the light.

The heav'ns we behold a curtain display'd,
 Thy chambers sublime on waters are laid;
 The clouds are a chariot, thy glory to bear.
 On wings thou art waded, thou ridest on air.

As rapid as fire, thy angels on high
 Convey thy commands; thy ministers fly :
 The earth on its basis eternal sustain'd,
 Is fix'd in the station, thy wisdom ordain'd.

Rejoice then, O Lord! in glory secure;
 The works thou hast made, thro' ages endure :
 Yet aw'd by thy presence, when thou drawest
 near,
 Smoke bursts from the mountains, earth trem-
 bles with fear.

Thus, Lord! let me sing, thy glory to raise,
 Delightful the strain when tun'd to thy praise :
 The vile have their suff'rings, the just their re-
 ward;
 Bless God, O my spirit, O praise ye the Lord!

PSALM CV.

GIVE praises unto God the Lord,
 And call devoutly on his name;
 Through earth's remotest regions round,
 Spread ye abroad Jehovah's fame.

Hail him with hymns and psalms divine,
 His wond'rous deeds in verse record,
 Which, mix'd with music's solemn strain,
 May best extol your righteous Lord.

Seek ye that Lord, and seek his strength;
 Seek him in heav'n, his seat divine,
 Where thron'd in everlasting light,
 The glories of his presence shine.

P S A L M CVI.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
 The fountain of eternal love;
 Whose mercy firm thro' ages past
 Has stood, and shall for ever last.
 Who can his mighty acts express,
 Not only vast, but numberless?
 What mortal eloquence can raise
 His tribute of immortal praise?
 Happy are they, and only they
 Who strive his statutes to obey;
 Thrice happy, who with steadfast will
 The dictates of his law fulfil!
 O grant me, Lord! with these to prove
 The pow'r of thy redeeming love,
 With them, th' accepted hymn to sing
 To Thee, my Saviour, and my King!

P S A L M CVIII.

O GOD! my heart is fully bent
 To magnify thy name;
 My tongue with chearful songs of praise,
 Shall celebrate thy fame.
 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
 Thy wonders I will tell;
 And to those nations sing thy praise
 That round about us dwell.
 Because thy mercy's boundless height
 The highest heav'n transcends;
 And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
 Thy faithful truth extends.

Be thou, O God! exalted high
 Above the starry frame;
 And let the world with one consent
 Confess thy glorious name.

PSALM CXII.

THE man is blest who stands in awe
 Of God, and loves his sacred law;
 His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
 And with successive honours crown'd.

To him in sorrow's gloomy night,
 Religion yields it's cheering light;
 For why? compassion fills his breast,
 He joys to succour the distressed.

And surely he shall never fail,
 No tidings ill his peace assail,
 His heart is firm, his fear is past,
 His welfare must for ever last.

His hands while they his alms bestow'd
 His glory's future harvest sow'd;
 He shall reap safety, wealth, renown,
 A temp'ral and eternal crown.

PSALM CXIII.

O ALL ye servants of the Lord,
 Praise ye his name with one accord;
 Yea, ever praise his glorious name;
 Forth from the rising of the sun,
 Till it returns where it begun,
 Declare his universal fame.

O'er all the nations King supreme,
 His everlasting glories beam,
 Who with Jehovah may compare?

His

His mercy, equal to his might,
 Deigns on our earth to bend his sight,
 Tho' thron'd above the loftiest star.

'Tis thence his Providence divine,
 And rays of tender mercy shine,
 But chiefly on the humble head:
 He lifts the needy from the dust;
 To princely state exalts the just;
 With offspring crowns the barren bed.

P S A L M CXIV.

WHEN Jacob's sons, thro' paths unknown,
 From Ægypt took their way,
 In Judah's tribe God's presence dwelt,
 And Israel own'd his sway.

The ocean saw them as they came;
 He saw, and backward fled;
 The streams of Jordan ceas'd to flow,
 And sought their fountain head.

The mountains shook like frightened sheep,
 Like lambs, the little hills;
 Not Sinai stood before the pow'r
 Which all creation fills.

O earth, confess thy sov'reign Lord;
 Convuls'd, avow thy fear,
 While heav'n's high pow'r reveals his face,
 While Jacob's God is near.

Adore and fear the mighty God,
 Who springs from flintstones gave:
 Who spake, and from the yielding rock
 Gush'd forth the bidden wave.

PSALM

PSALM CXIX.

HOW blest'd are they! who always keep
The pure and perfect way;
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray:

How blest'd! whose guide thro' mazy life
His righteous law has been;
And who have with incessant care
His favour fought to win.

Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord,
Reveal their heav'nly light;
These my best wealth, my treasur'd store,
My study day and night.

Sweeter than honey to my taste
The truths which they unfold;
I prize them more than silver heap'd,
Or Ophir's purest gold.

Eternal and unerring rules
Thy testimonies give;
Teach me the wisdom that will make
My soul for ever live.

PSALM CXXI.

LO! from the hills my help descends;
To them I lift mine eyes:
My strength on him alone depends,
Who form'd the earth and skies.

He, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Forbids thy feet to slide:
Nor sleep, nor slumber, seals the eye
Of Israel's Guard and Guide.

He

He at thy hand, array'd in might,
 His shield shall o'er thee spread;
 Nor sun by day, nor moon by night,
 Shall hurt thy favour'd head.

Safe shalt thou go, and safe return,
 While He thy life defends,
 Whose eyes thy ev'ry step discern,
 Whose mercy never ends.

P S A L M CXXV.

THOSE who, with holy confidence,
 Trust on the Lord for their defence,
 Secur'd by his protecting hand,
 Shall stedfast as mount Sion stand.

And as the mighty hills surround
 Majestic Salem's hallow'd ground,
 So round his people widely spread,
 Shall God his guardian influence shed.

Far from that people shall he still,
 Remove the dang'rous powers of ill,
 Lest they infect his favor'd race,
 And turn them from the paths of grace.

That God, whose law is virtue's guide,
 Shall humble all the sons of pride,
 And fill alone the righteous breast
 With Israel's joy, and Israel's rest.

P S A L M CXXX.

LORD! from the pit of deep distress
 To Thee I make my moan;
 To Thee, when dangers round me press,
 I sigh, complain, and groan.

Hearken

Hearken, O God! to my request
Thy gracious ear incline;
In pity on my wounded breast
O shed thy balm divine!

I know, if at thy righteous bar
All our misdeeds were try'd,
The doom strict justice must declare
No mortal might abide.

But mercy, mercy dwells with thee;
Unbounded is thy grace;
Therefore shall trembling piety
In hope approach thy face.

P S A L M CXXXIII.

BEHOLD how joyful is the hour!
How pleasant is the fight!
When brethren in the friendly bonds
Of amity unite.

'Tis like the sweet and precious oil
Which fell on Aaron's head,
And o'er his beard and sacred robe
It's fragrant odour shed.

'Tis like the dew the soil doth drink
On Hermon's holy hill;
Or silver drops, which Sion's fields
With peace and plenty fill:

For there the Lord eternal joys,
His promis'd blessings pours,
And if we dwell in peace and love,
Such blessings shall be ours.

PSALM

P S A L M CXXXIX.

FROM thy all-seeing spirit, Lord!
O whither shall I fly?
If I ascend the highest heav'n,
I find thee in the sky:
If down to hell I dare to go,
The presence meets me there;
If mounted on the morning's wing,
With swiftest flight I steer,
And if beyond the ocean's bounds,
I seek the farthest land,
There to receive and lead me safe,
I meet thy guiding hand.
Or if, to shroud me from thy view,
I veil myself in night,
Thou, to whom darkness is as day,
Behold'st me all in light.
Search, try, O God! my thoughts and heart,
Correct me where I stray,
O cleanse my soul from ev'ry stain,
And lead me in thy way.

P S A L M CXLV.

OUR life, our hope on God depends;
From him in heav'n all good distills;
When he his op'ning hand extends,
His plenty all creation fills.
The Lord is just in all his ways,
Thro' all his works his goodness shines,
To all, who offer pray'r or praise,
His ear of mercy he inclines.

Still

Still near to those who on him call,
 If faith and truth direct their pray'r,
 His pow'r fulfills their wishes all,
 As strong to save, as swift to hear.

But though on such as love his name,
 These gifts of goodness he bestows,
 Yet, know, the fruits of sin are shame,
 Destruction falls on all his foes.

Rise then, my soul, and gladly praise
 The pow'r and justice of the Lord;
 While all that breathe, their voices raise,
 And with the joyful song accord.

P S A L M CXLVIII.

GIVE praises to the Lord,
 And lift those praises high,
 His endless fame record
 Above the vaulted sky,
 Your voices raise
 Ye angel train,
 In loftiest strain
 To hymn his praise.

Thou sun, bright orb of day!
 Praise Him who yields thee light;
 And moon whose softer ray
 Illumes the shade of night.
 The song sublime,
 Ye heav'ns, resound
 Far as each bound
 Of space and time.

For

For at his awful call
 That heav'nly frame was rear'd;
 Jehovah spoke, and all
 Creation's face appear'd:
 In endless state
 He bade them stand,
 His dread command
 Alone is fate.

United zeal be shewn
 To celebrate his fame,
 Whose wond'rous acts alone
 Our highest praises claim.
 Earth's utmost ends
 His pow'r obey;
 His glorious sway
 The sky transcends.

Ye who his goodness prove
 Thro' life's perplexing way,
 The wonders of his love
 From age to age display;
 With rapture raise
 Your grateful voice,
 And still rejoice
 The Lord to praise.

PSALM CL:

YIELD unto God, the mighty Lord,
 Praise in his courts below,
 While in his firmament of pow'r
 Angelic praises flow.

D

Advance

Advance his name, his acts rehearse,
Extol his pow'r divine;
And to the strains of sacred verse
Let sacred music join.

His praise let warlike trumpets sound,
Lutes warble, timbrels beat,
The organ blow its bass profound
To cymbals loudly sweet.

Whate'er hath breath, whate'er hath tongue,
A grateful hymn to raise,
O let them join in joyful song
His glorious name to praise.



HYMNS.

HYMN I.

FOR THE LORD'S DAY.

LET Christian hearts with joy unite
To bless this holy day,
When Jesus rose from death to light,
And lead to heav'n the way.
Supported by this truth divine
We death's dread pow'r defy:
Our bodies rest in hope to shine
In realms beyond the sky.
This cheers our fainting souls, ev'n when
We feel affliction's rod,—
*Creation made us sons of Men,
Redemption, sons of God.*
O let us then his day revere,
And in his courts attend;
With pious awe his precepts hear,
And at his altar bend.
Let ev'ry sinful care retire,
Each thought be fix'd above;
Whilst meditation fans the fire
Of pure cœlestial love.
Then may we hope in grateful strains
With angels to adore,
When one eternal *Sabbath* reigns,
And suns shall beam no more.

HYMN II.

TO our Creator, Saviour, Lord,
Our joyful song we raise;
For He who man to life restor'd,
Deserves our endless praise.

We once to death a hapless prey,
To hopeless grief were giv'n:
But He who rose on this blest day,
Made mortals, heirs of heav'n.

Bless, bless we then Jehovah's name,
Whose mercies never end:
And let our lips and lives proclaim
Our everlasting friend.

His sacred word of truth and peace
O may our souls retain;
And, as in years, in grace increase,
Nor ever hear in vain.

Not this, but all our days below
May we in praise employ,
And in our Lord rejoicing go
To his eternal joy.

HYMN III.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.

To

To day he rose, and left the dead,
 - And satan's empire fell;
 To day the saints his triumphs spread,
 And all his wonders tell.

Hosanna to th' anointed king,
 To David's holy son;
 Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.

Hosanna in the highest strains
 The Church on earth can raise;
 Those brighter worlds in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

HYMN IV.

LORD of the sabbath! hear us pray
 In this thy house, on this thy day:
 Accept as grateful sacrifice,
 The songs which from thy servants rise.

Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord! we love;
 But there's a nobler rest above:
 To that our longing souls aspire,
 With humble hope, and strong desire.

In thy blest kingdom we shall be
 From ev'ry mortal trouble free:
 No groans shall mingle with the songs
 Resounding from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes;
 No cares to break the long repose;
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long expected day! begin,
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin :
 With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
 And wait for death, to rest with God.

HYMN V.

GREAT God! this sacred day of thine,
 Demands our souls' collected pow'rs;
 May we employ in work divine,
 These solemn, these devoted hours!
 O may our souls adoring own
 The grace that calls us to thy throne!
 Hence ye vain cares and trifles fly!
 Where God resides, appear no more;
 Omniscient God! thy piercing eye
 Can ev'ry secret thought explore;
 O may thy grace our hearts improve,
 And fix our thoughts on things above!
 Thy spirit's pow'rful aid impart;
 O may thy word, with life divine,
 Engage the ear, and warm the heart!
 Then shall the day indeed be thine:
 Then shall our souls adoring own
 The grace that calls us to thy throne.

HYMN VI.

FOR THE SACRAMENT.

MY God! and is thy table spread?
 And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
 Thither be all thy children led,
 And let them all thy goodness know.

Hail

Hail sacred feast ! which Jesus makes,
 Memorial of his flesh and blood ;
 Thrice happy he ! who here partakes
 Of that blest stream, that heav'nly food.

O let thy table honour'd be,
 And furnish'd well with joyful guests !
 And may each soul salvation see,
 That here its sacred pledges tastes !

Let all approach with hearts prepar'd,
 With grateful love let all attend ;
 Nor when we leave our Father's board,
 The pleasure or the profit end.

HYMN VII.

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

CHRISTIANS! awake, salute the happy
 morn,
 Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born :
 Rise to adore the mystery of love
 Which hosts of angels chanted from above :
 With them the joyful tidings first begun
 Of God incarnate, and the virgin's son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
 Who heard th' angelic herald's voice, " Be-
 " hold,

" I bring glad tidings of a Saviour's birth

" To you, and all the nations upon earth :

" This day hath God fulfill'd his promis'd
 " word ;

" This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

" In

" In David's city, shepherds! ye shall find
 " The long foretold Redeemer of mankind;
 " Wrapt up in swaddling clothes, the babe di-
 " vine

" Lies in a manger:—this shall be your sign."
 He spake; and straightway the cœlestial choir,
 In hymns of joy unknown before conspire.

The praises of redeeming love they sung,
 And heav'n's whole orb with hallelujahs rung.
 God's highest glory was their anthem still,
 Peace upon earth; to sinful men good will.
 To Beth'lem straight th' enlighten'd shepherds
 ran,

To see the wonder God had wrought for man:

And found with Joseph and the blessed maid,
 Her son, the Saviour, in a manger laid.

Amaz'd, the wond'rous story they proclaim,
 The first apostles of his infant fame:

While Mary keeps and ponders in her heart
 The heav'nly vision which the swains impart.

They to their flocks, still praising God return,
 And their glad hearts within their bosoms burn.
 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ
 Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;
 Like Mary, let us ponder in our mind,
 God's wond'rous love in saving lost mankind.

Artless and watchful as these favour'd swains,
 (While virgin meekness in the heart remains,)
 Trace we the babe who has retriev'd our loss,
 From his poor manger to his bitter cross:
 Tread in his steps, assisted by his grace,
 Till man's first heav'nly state again takes place.

Then

Then may we hope th' angelic thrones among,
To find redeem'd a glad triumphant throng.
He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all his glory shall display ;
Sav'd by his love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to Heav'ns all-glorious King.

HYMN VIII.

LET peace her olive wand extend,
Let white rob'd innocence descend ;
Fly swift, ye years, and rise the morn !
O spring to light, blest babe be born !

See nature hastes her wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the spring :
Hark ! a glad voice the desert cheers—
“ Prepare the way—a God appears !”

“ A God, a God !” the groves reply :
The rocks proclaim the Deity,
Lo ! earth receives him from the skies ;
Bow down, ye hills ! ye vallies rise !

The Saviour comes, by seers foretold,
Hear him, ye deaf ! ye blind behold !
The lame shall leap, the dumb shall sing,
And hail the coming of their king.

No sigh, no groan the world shall hear :
From ev'ry face he wipes the tear :
Death shall be bound in iron chains,
For life restor'd, Messiah reigns.

HYMN IX.

HIGH let us swell the hymn of praise,
And join th' angelic throng;
For angels no such love have known
T' awake a grateful song.

Good will to sinful men is shewn,
And peace on earth is giv'n;
For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heav'n.

Justice and grace with sweet accord
His rising beams adorn;
Let heav'n and earth in concert join,
Now such a child is born.

Glory to God, in highest strains
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

HYMN X.

SING, ye ransom'd nations! sing
Praises to our new born king;
With the choir cœlestial join'd,
Hail the Saviour of mankind!

Hail the heav'n-born prince of peace!
Hail the sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings:

Mild

Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more might die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

“Glory to the new-born King!”
Let us all the anthem sing;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil’d.

HYMN XI.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

SING to the great Jehovah’s praise,
All praise to him belongs;
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs;

Whose providence has brought us thro’
Another various year;
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

Father! thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care;
To thee presenting, thro’ thy son,
Whate’er we have, or are.

Our lips and lives shall gladly shew
The wonders of thy love;
As in our Saviour’s steps we go
To see thy face above:

Our

Our residue of days, or hours,
 Thine, wholly thine, shall be,
 And all our consecrated pow'rs
 A sacrifice to thee :

Till Jesus in the clouds appear
 To saints on earth forgiv'n,
 And bring the great sabbatic year,
 The jubilee of heav'n.

HYMN XII.

FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

FROM whence these dire portents around,
 That earth and heav'n amaze?
 Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground?
 Why hides the sun his rays?

Thou, earth, thy lowest centre shake!
 With Jesus sympathize!
 Thou, sun, with deepest gloom be black!
 'Tis man's Redeemer dies.

See, streaming from th' unhallow'd tree,
 His all-atoning blood!—
 Is this the Infinite?—'Tis He;—
 Our Saviour and our God.

Let sin no more our souls enslave!
 Break, Lord, the tyrant's chain!
 O! save us, whom thou cam'st to save!
 Nor bleed, nor die in vain!

HYMN

HYMN XIII.

FOR EASTER DAY.

TO God, the God of truth and love,
With joy advance the hymn divine:
Let men on earth, like saints above,
To him in strains harmonious join:
For He did own his Son this day,
And death resign'd his glorious prey.

He rose, he rose, the Saviour rose,
He left the gloomy silent grave;
Triumphant o'er his deadly foes,
He reigns with ceaseless pow'r to save.
Angels the joyful truth proclaim,
And bless the great Redeemer's name.

Cease then, ye mortals! cease to mourn,
Extend your hopes beyond the tomb:
Though human dust to dust shall turn,
These forms again more fair shall bloom:
For He who died, now lives on high,
Who man shall raise no more to die.

But, O most holy! most ador'd!
Jehovah! Father! Friend of all!
From sin revive us by thy word—
Renew our souls no more to fall:
That, at the last loud trumpet's sound,
Thy heirs with Christ we may be found.

HYMN XIV.

CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to day! Hallelujah.
 (Sons of men your homage pay,) Hal.
 Who did once upon the cross Hal.
 Suffer to retrieve our loss. Hal.
 Hymns of praise then let us sing Hal.
 To our gracious heav'nly king, Hal.
 Who descended to the grave, Hal.
 Souls from sin and death to save. Hal.
 But triumphant o'er his foes, Hal.
 Soon to endless life arose : Hal.
 Now he reigns above the sky, Hal.
 Where the angels ever cry, Hal.

HYMN XV.

FOR THE SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION
 DAY.

OUR Lord is ris'n from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high :
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay ;
 " Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
 " Ye everlasting doors! give way.
 " Loose all your bars of massy light,
 " And wide unfold th' ætherial scene ;
 " He claims these mansions as his right,
 " Receive the King of Glory in.

" Who

- " Who is the King of Glory,—who?
 " The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
 " The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew,
 " And Jesus is the conqueror's name."

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay;
 " Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
 " Ye everlasting doors! give way.
 " Who is the King of Glory,—who?
 " The Lord of glorious pow'r possess;
 " The king of saints and angels too;
 " God over all, for ever blest!"

HYMN XVI.

 FOR WHITSUNDAY.

BEHOLD! the sacred gift descends,
 The mystic tongues appear;
 Lo! heav'n to truth new vigour lends,
 And pow'r divine is here.

Lo! men in human lore unskill'd,
 With eloquence endu'd;
 Their minds with grace cœlestial fill'd,
 Once ignorant and rude.

From hence to realms and climes remote,
 They light and life convey;
 And souls with their instructions fraught,
 Their Saviour's laws obey.

O Thou! whose wisdom, pow'r and love,
 This day such wonders wrought,
 Teach us in goodness to improve,
 In deed, in word, and thought.
 Let thy blest Spirit rule our hearts,
 And save us from our foes:
 For this alone true peace imparts,
 And lasting bliss bestows.

HYMN XVII.

CREATOR Spirit! by whose aid
 The world's foundations first werelaid;
 Come, visit ev'ry pious mind;
 Come, pour thy joys on human kind!
 From sin and sorrow set us free;
 Make us thy temples, worthy thee;
 Illumine our dull, darken'd fight,
 Thou source of uncreated light!
 Thrice holy fount! thrice holy fire!
 Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire;
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
 To sanctify us, while we sing.
 Make us eternal truths receive;
 And practise all that we believe;—
 Come, visit ev'ry pious mind;
 Come, pour thy joys on human kind!

HYMN XVIII.

FOR TRINITY SUNDAY.

HAIL, holy, holy, holy, Lord!
 Be endless praise to thee
 Supreme, essential One, ador'd
 In co-eternal Three!

Thee,

Thee, gracious FATHER, we confess;
Thee, blessed SON, adore;
Thee, SPIRIT of truth and holiness
We worship evermore.
Three persons equally divine
We magnify and love;
While choirs of saints and angels join
To sing thy praise above.
Hail, holy, holy, holy, Lord!
Be endless praise to thee
Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three!

HYMN XIX.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
Your lofty themes, ye mortals! bring,
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
In ev'ry land begin the song;
To ev'ry land the strains belong:
In cheerful sounds your voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

HYMN XX.

GLORY be to God our King; Hallelujah.
 Thine eternal love we sing; Hal.
 Thou hast bar'd thine arm divine, Hal.
 Wrought salvation, made us thine. Hal.
 Wandering sheep, how far from home Hal.
 Sore bewilder'd did we roam; Hal.
 Till the gracious shepherd came, Hal.
 Sought and sav'd; O praise his name! Hal.
 Death! no more we dread thy sting; Hal.
 Sin subdu'd, we joyful sing; Hal.
 Grave! thy terrors we defy; Hal.
 We shall live, for Christ did die. Hal.
 Fir'd with gratitude, we raise Hal.
 All our souls to speak thy praise: Hal.
 Worthy, worthy may we prove, Hal.
 Lord, of such distinguish'd love: Hal.

HYMN XXI.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
 My rising soul surveys;
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love and praise.
 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redress'd,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.
 When in the slippery paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thy arm unseen convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.

When

When worn with sickness oft hast thou
 With health renew'd my face;
 And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.
 Thro' ev'ry period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue:
 And after death in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

HYMN XXII.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye:
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
 To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
 My weary, wand'ring steps he leads;
 Where peaceful rivers soft and flow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread;
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.
 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN

HYMN XXIII.

ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy!
 Well may thy praise our lips employ :
 While in thy temple we appear,
 Thy goodness crowns the circling year.
 Wide as the earth and planets roll,
 Thy hand sustains and cheers the whole ;
 By thee the sun is taught to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.
 The flow'ry spring at thy command,
 Embalms the air and paints the land ;
 The summer rich luxuriance pours,
 And autumn yields its various stores.
 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
 Demand successive hymns of praise :
 Still be the cheerful homage paid,
 With morning's light and evening's shade.
 O may our more harmonious tongues
 In worlds unknown pursue the songs,
 And in those brighter courts adore,
 Where days and years revolve no more !

HYMN XXIV.

COME let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand, thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
 " Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 " To be exalted thus ;
 " Worthy the Lamb" our hearts reply,
 " For He was slain for us."

Jesus

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

Let all creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN XXV.

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our king,
Let all the saints on earth below
Their humble praises bring.
'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.
He will present his saints
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around his throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
To our redeeming God
Eternal truth belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And never-ceasing songs.

HYMN

HYMN XXVI.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne
 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God alone;
 He can create and he destroy.
 His sov'reign pow'r without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.
 We'll croud his gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill his courts with sounding praise.
 Wide as the world is his command;
 Vast as eternity his love;
 Firm as a rock his truth must stand
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN XXVII.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King!
 As we journey, let us sing;
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
 Glorious in his works and ways.
 We are trav'ling home to God,
 In the way the fathers trod:
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.
 O ye chosen seed! be glad,
 Christ our advocate is made;
 Us to save our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our souls becomes.

Fear

Fear not, brethren ! joyful stand
 On the borders of our land ;
 Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
 Bids us undismay'd go on.
 Lord ! obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below ;
 Only Thou our leader be,
 And we'll ever follow thee.

HYMN XXVIII.

GOD of all-redeeming grace !
 By thy pard'ning love compell'd,
 Up to thee our souls we raise,
 Up to thee our bodies yield.
 Thou our sacrifice receive,
 Which we offer thro' thy son ;
 Whilst to thee alone we live,
 Whilst we die to thee alone.
 Meet it is and just and right,
 That we should be wholly thine ;
 In thy will alone delight,
 In thy blessed service join.
 O ! that every word and work
 Might proclaim how good thou art ;
 Holiness unto the Lord
 Be inscrib'd on ev'ry heart.

HYMN XXIX.

LEADER of faithful souls ! and guide
 Of all that travel to the sky
 Come and with us, ev'n us, abide,
 Who would on thee alone rely.

Strangers

Strangers and pilgrims here below,
 This earth we know is not our place;
 We hasten thro' this vale of woe,
 In glory to behold thy face.
 We've no abiding city here,
 But seek a city out of sight;
 Thither our steady course we steer,
 Aspiring to the plains of light.
 Patient th' appointed race to run,
 This weary world we cast behind;
 From strength to strength we travel on,
 The new Jerusalem to find.
 Thro' Thee, who all our sins hast borne,
 Freely and graciously forgiv'n;
 With songs to Zion we return,
 Contending for our native heav'n.

FINIS.



